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dictments. After this the judge gave the law its course, and they were condemned, and died declaring their innocence.

#### NEWSPAPERS.

The degrading state of News-papers is thus portrayed by one for many years connected with them; the portrait may serve to characterize prints nearer to home. Mr. Wood the Editor of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, on his lately resigning in favour of a successor, uses the following language. "The columns of provincial journals [often] betray

an insidious, temporising, cowardly inanity; their editors suppress any fact which the country ought to know, if such fact happen to be unfavourable to the predominant powers, or to a great man, or even if the publication of it should risk the loss of a customer. Such persons are not real friends to their country. They quietly give up the censorial power of the press. They take the sop from any hand that treacherously offers it. Self-interest is their God, and truth and honour are the victims which they offer up to their idol."

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## POETRY.

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### TO AN OLD HARP,\*

BY THE LATE JAMES GILLAND, OF DUN-  
GANNON.

HAIL, sacred relic! pride of other days!  
To thee my Muse her mournful homage  
pays;  
And bending o'er thine antiquated frame,  
That oft has echoed to the warrior's fame,  
Pity and awful veneration rise;  
Along thy chords my hand unbidden flies,  
Waking the lofty wildness of thy strings,  
Till my rapt soul, on Fancy's eagle wings,  
Dares, through unmeasur'd years, her flight  
pursue,  
And Bards and Heroes burst upon my view.

And in my sight, to meet invading war,  
The spears of ERIN glitter from afar;  
While, from each polish'd helm and glanc-  
ing shield,  
Reflected sun-beams brighten all the field.

Rang'd in the front a white-rob'd band  
appears,  
Reverend their forms, the sons of other  
years;

White as their robes their flowing beards  
descend,  
And o'er their harps the Bards of ERIN  
bend.

The pausing warriors wait the rising  
song,  
And round the tuneful crowd attentive  
throng,  
In thoughtful silence lean upon their spears,  
Smooth their fierce looks, and bow their  
list'ning ears.  
—At once an hundred voices rise around!  
And to the lofty song, an hundred harps  
resound!

Youths! who with unpractis'd arm,  
Now the sword of slaughter wield,  
New to war's destructive storm,  
Strangers in the deathful field;

Oft your sires in combat stood,  
Death descending with their blows;  
Oft, with spears that smok'd in blood,  
Shower'd destruction on their foes!

Ye who bear their honour'd name,  
Toils, and wounds, and death despise;  
Rugged is the road to fame,  
Countless dangers round it rise;

But if, in the glorious strife,  
ERIN's champion yields his breath,  
Is the coward's lengthen'd life  
Equal to his hour of death?

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\* This poem appeared in the *Belfast Commercial Chronicle*, in July, 1806, and at the request of a correspondent, it is now republished.

Cowards! born to peaceful shame,  
 Claim an unremember'd grave;  
 Glory, and a deathless name,  
 Are the birth rights of the brave!

To tempt the deedless warrior on to dare,  
 With untried sword, the terrors of the war,  
 Thus, with his father's acts, his soul they  
 fire,  
 And teach the son to emulate the sire.  
 The long-tried guardians of their native  
 land,  
 Another theme, another strain demand;  
 Each daring thought, each generous spark  
 to fan,  
 Check ev'ry fear that would the soul un-  
 man;  
 With kindling rage bid their fierce bosoms  
 glow,  
 And turn the bursting vengeance on the  
 foe!

ERIN's hope, and ERIN's stay,  
 Pride of peace, and strength of war!  
 Through each fierce-contested fray,  
 Glory's favourites, Conquest's care!

Ye who oft, on Ullah's plain,  
 Bath'd your streaming blades in gore;  
 And, o'er hills of hostile slain,  
 High your conquering standards bore!

Now a more eventful hour  
 All your wonted might demands,  
 See, the stranger's marshall'd power  
 Darkens all th' embattled sands!

Must we then our native land  
 To the proud invader yield?—  
 No! while yet her sons command  
 Arms to guard, or breasts to shield.

ERIN's daughters! must your charms  
 Be the ruthless spoiler's prize?—  
 Lovers, Husbands, Sires, to arms!  
 Rise, in all your strength arise!

Through the thick ranks indignant mur-  
 murs run,  
 Each lifted falchion glitters to the sun,  
 And charged with many a meditated blow,  
 Waves proud defiance at the distant foe.

Now rings with welcome clang the sig-  
 nal shield,  
 Now rush impetuous thousands o'er the  
 field;  
 And, as the battle joins, their mingling  
 breath  
 Pours with tumultuous peal the shout of  
 death!—

\* \* \* \* \*

But hence ye forms my raptur'd fancy  
 drew,  
 Fade, all ye glorious visions from my view!  
 Ye unborn offspring of the poet's thought,  
 Ye shades from tombs of faded greatness  
 brought,  
 Ye last faint footsteps of a race long run,  
 Ye twilight gleamings of a far set sun,  
 Away!—the sad reality appears!  
 Neglected Harp, accept my song, my tears;  
 In vain that song thine alter'd state may  
 mourn,  
 And tell of times that never shall return.

Of old, when round the board the war-  
 rior throng  
 Declin'd the circling shell, and claimed the  
 song,  
 The feats, the fall of Heroes and of Kings,  
 Awak'd to martial strains thy sounding  
 strings;—  
 Then was the Bard's unerring skill con-  
 fess'd,  
 To sway with potent sounds the subject  
 breast:  
 —Hark! o'er thy frame his rapid hand he  
 flings,  
 And wakes the slumbering terrors of thy  
 strings;  
 Through the rapt crowd responsive fury  
 flies,  
 Burns on their cheeks and flashes from  
 their eyes.  
 —Anon—the strain is chang'd, and sounds  
 of woe  
 From thy deep chords in pensive murmur-  
 ings flow,  
 As Pity's self had swept the strings along,  
 And pour'd her plaintive spirit through  
 the song.

With heads declin'd, thine alter'd voice  
 they hear,  
 Heave the deep sigh, and drop the em-  
 passion'd tear;  
 —When soft—thy strains in sportive mea-  
 sures rise,  
 And gladness sparkles in their glist'ning  
 eyes.

Of old, would love the thrilling song in-  
 spire,  
 And every tone with glowing passion fire;  
 As on some streamlet's blooming bank re-  
 clin'd,  
 The youthful minstrel pour'd his ardent  
 mind;

Bade the deep glen repeat the pleasing lays ;  
 Taught ev'ry speaking string his charmer's  
     praise ;  
 Robb'd earth and heaven to make her form  
     more fair,  
 Till all perfection centred only there.

Of old, to soothe the passions to repose,  
 In soften'd sounds thy melting voice arose ;  
 From its deep seat each rankling sorrow  
     stole,  
 And pour'd oblivion o'er the tranquil soul.

Of old, thy sounds, with more than magic force,  
 Could guide the storm of battle in its  
     course ;  
 Fire the untutor'd soul with hopes of fame,  
 And bid him spurn existence—for a name.  
 —But all is past!—thy force, thy power,  
     o'erthrown,  
 Thyself despis'd, neglected, and unknown!

Poor Harp, farewell!—though ERIN may  
     deplete  
 Her sun of greatness set to rise no more ;  
 Though her degenerate sons, untouch'd  
     by shame,  
 Have from the list of nations razed her  
     name ;

Still when my eye shall rest upon thy form,  
 The patriot wish my glowing breast shall  
     warm,  
 And the faint touch, that wakes thy tune-  
     less strings,  
 Again shall lift my soul on Fancy's wings ;  
 Through backward time direct my ardent  
     gaze,  
 To long-forgotten scenes of ancient days ;  
 Again, for me, shall FENIANS dare the  
     field,  
 And MORNI'S SONS uprear the golden  
     shield ;  
 Again, alas! their forms in death recline,  
 And their cold hands the reeking blade re-  
     sign ;  
 Again, with warlike pomp, in earth be  
     laid,  
 While songs of glory soothe each hovering  
     shade,  
 While their fame loads a weeping nation's  
     tongue,  
 While in their praise ten thousand harps  
     are strung ;  
 To swell the chorus o'er their funeral  
     mound,  
 And waft their souls to Heav'n on wings  
     of sound.

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#### DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

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*A Lecture on the natural and medicinal use of  
 Tea ; by Dr. Lettsom, lately delivered before  
 the Philosophical Society of London.*

THE lecturer having given a description  
 of the parts of fructification, stated,  
 that there is but one species of the tea-  
 plant, the difference of green and bohea  
 tea depending upon the nature of the soil,  
 the culture, and manner of drying the  
 leaves. Sir John Hill, from observing a  
 different number of petals in different co-  
 rollas, described the green and bohea tea  
 as different species, giving to the first nine,  
 and to the latter only six petals. He con-  
 veyed this opinion to Linné, who adopted  
 the mistake, which his future experience  
 corrected, as he informed Dr. Lettsom by  
 letter.

The authors who have treated upon this  
 subject, amount to at least an hundred,

many of whom never saw the tea-tree  
 As China and Japan are the only coun-  
 tries known to us where the tea-shrub is  
 cultivated for use, we may reasonably con-  
 clude that it is indigenous to one of them,  
 if not to both ; and probably the brackish  
 ill-tasted water in many parts of those  
 countries first led to its use as an infusion.  
 Tea was first introduced into Europe by  
 the Dutch East India Company, early in  
 the sixteenth century, and a quantity of it  
 was brought over from Holland, in 1666,  
 by Lords Arlington and Ossory.

According to Kämpfer, no particular  
 gardens or fields are allotted for it, but it  
 is cultivated round the borders of rice  
 and corn fields, without any regard to the  
 soil ; there are usually from six to twelve  
 seeds in each vessel ; they are promiscu-  
 ously put into a hole four or five inches  
 deep, at certain distances from each other.